# UNITY

***FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION***

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

**John Haynes Holmes**
*Editor in Chief*

**Louis L. Mann**
**Curtis W. Reese** } *Associate Editors*

## The Humanist Manifesto

*By* CLARENCE R. SKINNER

## The Contemporary Absurdity of Our Planet

*By* HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER

## Otherworldliness

*By* WILL HAYES

**Lynching! — A Book Review — *Maynard Shipley***

**Orient and Mexico — Reviews — *Frederick Starr***

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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### What Happened at Calcutta

My regret at not having been allowed to attend the 47th session of the Indian National Congress at Calcutta to preside over it was buried under the satisfaction I felt, along with millions of my countrymen, at the Congress having been held at Calcutta in spite of all the measures taken by the authorities to discourage and prevent delegates from attending it. That in spite of those measures over 2,500 delegates started for Calcutta and were arrested either en route or at Calcutta is the best proof of the strength of the Congress movement. Of those delegates nearly a thousand were arrested and detained before they could reach Calcutta. The rest of them, i. e., over 1,500 reached Calcutta and notwithstanding the notices issued by the Police Commissioner were given accommodation at various places in the city. It is interesting to note that among these delegates there were 48 members of the All India Congress Committee, 83 Muslims, 117 ladies, 23 Sikhs, 7 Parsis and 2 Christians. The delegates came from all parts of the country as is shown below. United Provinces 673, Bengal 300, Bihar 284, Orissa 43, Andhra 23, Tamil Nad 27, Keraia 7, Maharashtra 25, Bombay 22, Gujarat 31, C. P. (Hindi) 50, C. P. (Marathi) 22, Berar 15, Karnatak 3, Sind 5, Ajmer 3, Delhi 17, Assam 29, Punjab 31, N. W. F. P. 6.

When the news was received at Calcutta that I had been arrested on my way, it was announced on behalf of the Congress that Mrs. Nellie Sen Gupta would preside over the Congress. The time and place for holding the Congress were also announced nearly twenty-four hours in advance. And it is worthy of note that notwithstanding all the stringent and laborious measures taken by the Police, over 250 delegates representing all parts of the country met at the appointed place punctually as the clocks struck three. Mrs. Sen Gupta was there at her post and started reading her address. All the seven resolutions adopted by the subjects Committee on the previous evening were read out and passed. Eventually the Police made a lathi charge, dispersed the huge crowd which had gathered, and arrested the delegates. They bore the assault calmly. Delegate after delegate as he stood up to move resolutions was violently attacked by sergeants wielding lathis with all their might. Care was taken by the sergeants not to aim at the head, but serious injuries were sustained by the delegates in other parts of the body. One delegate, a Vakil from Arrah who kept persistently reading a resolution in spite of a shower of blows had his spectacles broken and one of his eyes severely injured. He may have to lose the eye. The lathi blows were supplemented by kicking. Women delegates were not beaten, though some of them who tenaciously stuck to the National

(*Continued on page* 243)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

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### THE INNER VOICE

**I hear it often in the dark,**
**I hear it in the light—**
**Where is the Voice that comes to me**
**With such a quiet might?**

**It seems but echo to my thought,**
**And yet beyond the stars!**
**It seems a heart-beat in a hush,**
**And yet the planet jars!**

**O, may it be that far within**
**My inmost soul there lies**
**A spirit-sky that opens with**
**Those voices of surprise?**

**Then is God's heaven my very soul!**
**And his, so sweet and strong,**
**The breath that sweeps its silences**
**And fills my heart with song!**

*—William Channing Gannett.*

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The survival of Mahatma Gandhi from his desperate 21-days fast was a sheer triumph of the spirit over the flesh. At the start of the three weeks' ordeal, it was the unanimous judgment of physicians that he could not survive. His frail body, weakened by more than a year of imprisonment in the jail at Poona, they said, was inadequate to endure any such exhausting strain as he proposed to put upon it. And it *was!* The physicians, from the scientific point of view, were absolutely correct. But there was another point of view which in the case of such a man as Gandhi was of supreme importance. This was the spiritual point of view. Gandhi's resources were not limited to the body. They were to be found also in his mind, which was unworried, serene, courageous, and of indomitable will. Above all they resided in a soul, which had mystic contact with realities of which the world takes little account, but which to the Mahatma are the very essence of existence. When Gandhi denied himself food, he immediately began to draw for sustenance upon these other and hidden sources of all life. And they did not fail him! What the Mahatma has accomplished by this latest and greatest sacrifice of his career, we cannot estimate here in the West. It is our conviction that time will record this fast as marking the turning-point in the redemption of the untouchables. But what this immortal Indian has accomplished in the larger field of ethical and religious ideal must be evident to any man, in any part of the world, who has eyes to see. In an age wedded to materialism, and paying now the awful price of its apostacy, there appears this man who relies utterly upon spiritual methods for the attainment of his high ends of human betterment. And in his own person, and by his own acts, he proves these methods to be sublimely and transcendently effective! Gandhi today, like Jesus yesterday, reveals the presence of a Spirit, in whom we can live and move and have our being, and achieve our ends, if we so choose. If there is anything else in the world so important as this, we do not know what it is.

---

We are frank to say that we "saw red" when we read the J. P. Morgan testimony before the Senate Committee. The idea that this millionaire and his partners should pay no income taxes in these recent years, while we and millions of others like us were paying taxes to the tune of hundreds of dollars on modest salaries, is perfectly preposterous. These "losses" which these men "take" are purely fictitious, just as their "gains" are similarly fictitious. All the while they are marking off these "losses" and thus paying no taxes, they are receiving real incomes of hundreds of thousands, even millions, of dollars, and living like princes in their city mansions, their country estates, or their private yachts. If such a situation is not enough to stir revolution, we don't know what is. But if our initial rage was turned against these taxless citizens, our later and even greater rage was turned against the system which makes such actions possible, for Morgan did not break, or even evade, any law. How is our income tax law written? That's easy! To hit the small salaried man hard, and let the rich man off. To trap the man who works for every dollar he earns, and permit the speculator, the gambler in the fruits of other men's toil, to escape. J. P. Morgan, the son, like J. P. Morgan, the father, never did a day's work in his life. He is not even in the class of the Rockefellers, and the Carnegies, and the Harrimans, who have actually produced wealth even though by the methods of ruthless exploitation of man and nature. The Morgans and their ilk are money-changers of the worst description. They give nothing for the millions they receive, and under the law can so manipulate these millions that they pay no taxes. Such a law is an abomination. The whole system of tax-exempt securities, capital gains

and losses, and the rest, is an immoral and should be a criminal conspiracy. The income tax law should be rewritten from start to finish. It should be made to have some of the rigor of the English law, which was intended to be and is effective. Every man who is not bankrupt, or unemployed, has an income—a few hundred dollars up to many millions. The law should impose a flat tax on this income—a fraction of a per cent in the lower brackets, and forty, fifty, sixty per cent in the upper brackets. There should be no exemptions, deductions, "losses"—nothing of the kind! Until a law of this kind is enacted, we shall know that this country belongs not to the people at all, but to the rich.

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Second only in interest to Morgan's escape from all income taxes is the largess offered by this man and his house to various politicians and industrial magnates. We knew that this Wall Street pawn-broker owned a good part of the property of this country, but we had no idea that he owned a good part of the manhood as well. Of course J. P. Morgan is not dividing around his inside favors without any thought of return. Rascob saw the point when, on being given the opportunity to buy a big block of stock at less than market-prices, he expressed the hope to his kind patron that he would some time be able to "reciprocate." Exactly! "Reciprocate" in any one of the many ways so well known to the denizens of Washington! So Morgan spun his web, and all the little flies walked in, to feed his vanity and his maw. It's a great system—and now we know about it, and know about the men involved in it. *Coolidge?* What is left of his tradition of New England simplicity, now that we know he was seeking easy profits on the inside, like all the rest of the gang? *McAdoo?* What now are we to think of his fine professions of antagonism to Wall Street? *Woodin?* How long can he last as Secretary of the Treasury, now that we know he is one of Morgan's favorites? *Norman Davis?* Whom is he representing abroad—America, or the House of Morgan? *Carter Glass?* How much reputation has this man left after his tooth-and-nail fight to keep all these things hidden? As for the administration—well, is this the turning-point of Roosevelt's popularity? That the White House is alarmed is shown by the immediate utilization of every known means of publicity to keep the President right with the people. Within two days after Morgan's testimony, the newspapers, the radio, the "talkies" were choked with laudation of Mr. Roosevelt. The stories got sadly mixed. On the one hand, we were told that he knew nothing about these disastrous revelations; on the other hand, we were told that he knew, but still insisted in the face of excited opposition, that it should all come out. Which story is true we do not know, nor care. All that interests us is the fact that, in spite of all the bally-hoo, Washington is the same today that it has always been. The same men, or the same kind of men, are in the seats of power. Roosevelt and his "brain trust," alas, have nothing to work with but the old broken-down and discredited Democratic and Republican machines. The President may be all that some persons think and that we hope he is, but that he can get any permanently good results out of this existing political system—well, believe it who can! Events are going to be interesting these next few weeks—especially for the administration!

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What is happening to the churches of Germany? Reports on this question have been vague and contradictory. A recent article in the *Christian Century,* written by Samuel McCrea Cavert, goes far toward clearing up the problem. What first impresses one, in the reading of this article, is the burden of confusion, and even of despair, which has rested upon the ministers and members of the German churches as they have found themselves in the midst of a revolution which has denied in preaching and practice every principle of spiritual idealism for which the churches stand. If the leaders of German Protestantism have been silent in the face of a social upheaval which has stricken the land with terror, it is largely because of a psychology which is very human and with which we are more or less familiar in this country. "If we recall," says Dr. Cavert, "how silent the American churches were during 1917-1918, . . . . we shall be less inclined to pass too sweeping a judgment on our fellow-Christians in Germany too." Which means *not* that these German Christians are not culpable, but that they are not more culpable than others have been in like circumstance! Especially shameful, we feel, is the silence of the German churches on the Jewish horror. But Dr. Cavert presents evidence to indicate that, along with a few bold utterances, have gone real endeavors "in quiet ways [to use] their influence effectively in behalf of the Jews." One thing the churches have succeeded in accomplishing, and that is maintaining their own independence as an autonomous group. What Hitler did at one stroke with the trades unions, he failed to do with the institutions of religion.

> They have at least safeguarded the independence of the church to the extent of preventing it from becoming a mere appendage of government,

as witness the recent sturdy refusal to elect the bishop dictated by the Nazis! Yet there are disquieting signs. In place of the "Reichskirche" demanded by the Nazis, says Dr. Cavert,

> the leaders are now devoting their energies to a voluntary revision of the constitution of the churches so as to substitute a single nation-wide church for the twenty-eight provincial churches—

which sounds suspiciously like doing voluntarily what they had refused to do under command! Also there

are the "German Christians," who may be described as the Nazi party inside the churches. These are all for Hitler and everything that he does. The majority of them would like to have "the church function as the right arm of the government." This group is growing rapidly—Dr. Cavert concedes that "it is commonly believed that the 'German Christians' could now command a majority in church elections." It is impossible not to anticipate that these "German Christians" will eventually capture the church just the way the Nazis themselves captured the republic. If so, the Nazi revolution will be complete.

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Religious events of importance in this country are taking place these days. We record two such events with a feeling of immense gratification. The first is the recent vote of the Unitarians to join the Universalists in forming the Free Church of America. This vote must be affirmed, we understand, by a similar vote of the Universalists. But we have no doubt that when the Universalists get together this fall, they will follow gladly in the footsteps of their brethren. Theoretically, in all things that pertain to outlook and spirit, to say nothing of theological belief, these two groups have long belonged together. Furthermore, in recent years they have desperately needed one another. Neither of the two movements is prospering any. There is a waning life, like two dying logs on the hearth, which can only be kindled afresh by bringing the two together. It is good, also, that the union is to be effected on the new and higher plane of a "free church." How this would have delighted Channing's heart as a move away from sectarianism into liberty! Unitarians and Universalists are to be congratulated on a new epoch in their history. The second event which we welcome these days is the affiliation of the United Church of Canada with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The United Church is following the spiritual logic of its own great achievement of church unity in now taking this step into the larger fellowship which comprises the Federal Council. There is also an international character about this episode which is thrilling. Here are Canadian churches (the British Empire) joining hands with American churches (the United States of America). This is in defiance of every precept of nationalism which of course insists that patriots shall stay within their own frontiers and have nothing to do with aliens. The churches, as religious institutions, should of course be the first to ignore such nationalism—and the Canadian churches have done it! Congratulations to them, and to the world. Such action is good augury for the future. Canada and the United States may well stand as model states in international relationships. An unfortified frontier of three thousand miles—and now united churches! Why can not all nations do the same?

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The death of Horatio Bottomley starts thoughts on many things—especially war, and what war does to men and nations. Here was a man who was a complete mountebank and a super-fraud. He was as rotten morally as he was disgusting physically. His huge mountain of greasy flesh perched precariously on his bandy legs, his long thick hair, his swinish eyes, all combined to make the perfect picture of the wretch he was. Yet he had the fatal gift of energy, keyed to superb oratory, which gave him his chance to thrive if ever conditions were favorable. These conditions were produced by the War! Here was the opportunity for a mixed clown and villain of this type, for in war times all good things are suppressed and all bad things glorified. The murderer, the ruffian, the brute, the liar, the cheat, the fraud—these flourish when the bugles blow. Bottomley saw his chance—and *did he take it?* Our one admiration for this man is prompted by the way in which he capitalized the Great War in his own personal interest. His paper, *John Bull,* with its millions of readers, became a power in the land. His platform appearances gathered great multitudes of hearers. He was elected to the House of Commons. He was the friend of ministers and soldiers. Lloyd George, with characteristic shallowness and vulgarity, made Bottomley his intimate. It was Bottomley's boast that he himself might have been premier. He at least dictated Lloyd George's khaki campaign, and gave the unscrupulous Welshman his disgraceful slogan, "Hang the Kaiser." With the passing of the War, passed Bottomley. It had become known that thousands of funds raised for the soldiers in the form of small contributions to *John Bull* from multitudes of wage-earners, had been appropriated by the patriotic editor to support his racing stables, pay his gambling debts, etc. To the credit of Britain, be it said, the thief was arrested, condemned, and placed for six years in a prison-cell. A fortnight ago he died in the charity ward of a London hospital. Thus passed the finest flower of war-time England!

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## The Humanist Manifesto

A group of leading Humanists in the United States have published a "Manifesto" of their belief, setting forth in fifteen articles the main tenets commonly accepted by them. The signers include many notable men, such as Professors John Dewey, Roy Wood Sellars and F. H. Hankins among the educators, and a large number of leading ministers, mostly Unitarian, including such men as Raymond Bragg, John H. Dietrich, Charles Francis Potter, etc.

The time may come when this document will be

looked upon as of historic importance. The theses may some day be compared to those of Martin Luther which were pasted on the door of the church as a challenge to public disputation. No one who is living history can adequately sense its proportions and values, so many of us who are living today may fail to realize the importance of this document.

There is one significant difference between the present Manifesto of the Humanists and that of Luther; namely, the difference as to the relative position of religion in the two civilizations. In the time of the great Protestant reformer, religious practices and theological creeds were of intense and paramount interest to the general public. News of the dispute traveled fast and far, and involved not only the whole ecclesiastical structure, but even kingdoms and empires. Today religious practices and theological concepts play no such central role in our civilization; therefore the danger is, not that these theses will shake our churches to their foundation or stir up political turmoil, but rather that they may be met with too much indifference. Instead of being adequately debated they may drop quietly into the seething life of our time, and too quickly disappear. The anxiety over economic and international questions may so completely fill the public mind that these challenging and significant utterances may be forgotten.

Another important difference between these principles of the Humanists and those of the early Protestants will lie in the treatment which the authors receive. Early Protestants were hunted and heresy charges were hurled back and forth with gusto. Today these modern heretics will be treated in a courteous manner and their proclamations will be read in theological schools without a riot or *auto de fé*. Many people will be offended and their deepest natures will be hurt, but the Humanists will be treated as such distinguished and finely tempered gentlemen ought to be treated. So much progress at least has been made!

With much and perhaps with all the principles of this Manifesto many UNITY readers will be in full accord. For instance:

> There is a great danger of a final, and we believe fatal, identification of the word religion with doctrines and methods which have lost their significance and which are powerless to solve the problems of human living in the twentieth century.

The approach of the Humanists is thus distinctively pragmatic; that is, they are concerned with what religion may or may not do to maintain high standards and values, and thus contribute to the enrichment of man's life here and now.

Undoubtedly the sixth paragraph or thesis will arouse most opposition. It is clear, concise and written without "weasel words" or other forms of compromise. There is no room for misinterpretation.

> We are convinced that the time has passed for theism, deism, modernism, and the several varieties of "new thought."

In other words these men trumpet to the world in no uncertain terms the fact that the Humanist movement is definitely through with the idea of God. Religion is made synonymous with "those actions, purposes, and experiences which are humanly significant. Nothing human is alien to the religious."

The general reaction of this stimulating proclamation will be to rouse Theists to a closer examination of their grounds for belief, to put into them a new zest and gird them with new energies for preaching their convictions. On the other hand it will offer the refuge of a church to those legions of the modern world who have long since abandoned the theist arguments, and who find the older assumptions of the church to be untenable.

We would venture two major criticisms, not in the spirit of cantankerous opposition, but in the spirit of earnest searching after the enduring realities and a desire to preserve the highest values.

First, in definitely abandoning the ideas of God which have been historically associated with the church, have not the Humanists narrowed the sphere of human relations and restricted the outreach of the human spirit? Could there not be an emphasis upon "cosmic consciousness" so that Humanist religion might constantly stretch the imagination to universal proportions? After all, no matter how fallacious some of the theistic concepts may have been, God stood for something Infinite, and worship kept open "the soul's east window of divine surprise," eliciting a cosmic consciousness. Must the followers of Humanism lose this aspiration toward fellowship with the universe? Our bodies are of the same stuff with the stars and with the earth. Can there not be a similar communion between man's mind and the totality of things? An anthropo-centric religion will miss something vast and profound if it does not try to enlarge the border lines of the human spirit beyond the relation of man to man. And it could be done without the concept God. Perhaps the universe may no longer be interpreted in personalistic terms. But there is still a universe, and man must bear some relation to it. The writer's favorite definition of religion comes not from a theologian, but from a poet:—" 'Tis the sublime of man, his noon-tide majesty, to know himself parts and proportions of one wondrous whole." Can and will Humanism promote in man a knowledge of this "noon-tide majesty"?

The second criticism which we should make is in regard to the definition of religion. We do not insist that it be couched in theistic terms, as that would exclude Buddhists and many other people who bear every mark of a deeply religious life. Our criticism of the Humanists' definition of religion ("those actions, purposes and experiences which are humanly significant") centers around the fact that this statement is not suffi-

ciently unique and characteristic. Words mean something, and definitions should mark a subject off from every other subject. We cannot see that the above definition performs this function for religion. Football, movies, beer, foxtrots, banks, and toothpaste advertising fulfil the requirements of the definition. Can religion be identified with them? Or are there aspects of religion which are not wholly synonymous with such "actions, purposes and experiences"? Obviously the attempt to make religion broad and humanly helpful has likewise made it too vague and general. The word has lost unique meaning and therefore becomes useless.

There are many good arguments for using the "value" concept as the distinguishing mark of religion, and we believe that the Humanist might easily make out a case for defining the word as "that complex of purposes and actions which elicit the most enthusiastic loyalties, the deepest devotion and the highest valuations." This, however, leaves entirely out of the picture all specific reference to cosmic realities which we feel, as above stated, is essential to the idea of religion.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

## Jottings

UNITY has been chided a bit for declaring that President Roosevelt and Premier MacDonald said nothing in their public reports of their conferences, and thus deliberately used words to hide what the public had a right to know about their own governments. Now that Philip Snowden, weeks later, has said the same thing in the House of Lords, in terms more savage than we dared to use, perhaps we may be forgiven.

---

Twice we have had the sensation of being a millionaire. Once in Germany, in the dreadful days of the inflation in 1922, when our American dollars could buy anything! And now a second time, in this country, when we find that we pay a larger income tax to the government than J. P. Morgan and all his partners! In both cases our sensation was due to a financial situation so rotten as to deserve revolution.

---

We have been frequently told that religion should not intrude upon economics. But how about economics intruding upon religion? Look at this from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*:

Prayer for more bountiful crops for the farmer, usual to Episcopal services on Rogation Sunday, was modified throughout the Ohio diocese. Officials felt the appeal would not be in accord with the government policy of limiting crop production. So prayer was offered instead for improved means of produce distribution.

Verily, the new order is at hand—and God, like every humble citizen, must conform to government policy!

---

The Chicago Exposition has as one of its central features a "Pantheon de la Guerre," an enormous painting and exhibit memorializing the World War. This is to show the new generation, we suppose, how in the "Century of Progress" we have, among other things, achieved *bigger and better wars.*

---

We are told that the government representative appointed by Mussolini to meet the special Nazi ambassador, Herr Goering, on the latter's recent visit to Rome, was a Jew! A few more events of this kind, and we shall forget everything we have ever said about the Italian dictator.

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If We Were A Newspaper Editor: (9) *we would refrain from the business of concealing, suppressing, and distorting truth.*

J. H. H.

### Mahatma Gandhi

Brood at the base of those gigantic knolls—
Your father's hills—hold visions, mystic one,
Before you join the ranks of mighty souls
Whose works are done. . . .
Your works are well begun!

Reach in that giant void where they have dwelt
For countless decades; all that fearless clan
Who through the past have sung, have prayed, have felt
The things withheld from man—
They ceased where you began!

Oh, poet-seer, you touch the gloried hem
Of each great saint who made that princely horde;
You bridge the chasm and you talk with them—
Buddha, Lincoln, Jesus Christ our Lord
Your rich soul journeys toward!

So may the gods who feed that fragile frame
Which holds your spirit, stoke the whirling fire,
That there may be no lulling of the flame
Which blazes ever higher—
God keep alive that fire!

JAY G. SIGMUND.

### The Scandal of Nazareth

Born like a beast in a stable
Nailed like a thief to the tree,
What reason for grieving
If it chance his conceiving
Should likewise a scandal be?

For he who was one with the worker,
A rebel with gallows for throne,
Might well take the name
Of those subject to shame
For a fault no whit their own.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

### Up Through the Ages

How often shivering man, in ages past,
Cowered and moaned before the ice-lipped gale,
While just beneath his feet, in rock and shale,
Rich coal lay waiting for the miner's blast!—

Coal that would never dull the snow-wind's chill,
Warmth that the numb blue hand would never touch!—
Of which our steaming age has overmuch
And squanders . . . while wan myriads shiver still.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

# The Contemporary Absurdity of Our Planet

For more than a decade a deepening mood of wistfulness and cynicism has dominated American civilization. The confidences of our fathers and forefathers which made life and men's parts in it tremendously significant have become "old, remembered, far-off things." A profound skepticism, which is not merely a doubt of the meaning or value of some particular thing but a doubt of the meaning of meaning and of the value of value, has settled down upon us. It has become extremely difficult for us to take pride in that fact that we are men. For what is man to us? A "poor, bare, forked animal," waddling futilely and absurdly about on an insignificant mud ball. As Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson has the "man from Stratford" say to Ben Jonson,

> it's Nothing. It's all Nothing.
> We come, we go; and when we're done, we're done.
>
> . . .
>
> It is a world where bugs and emperors
> Go singularly back to the same dust
> Each in his time; and the old, ordered stars
> That sang together, Ben, will sing the same
> Old stave tomorrow.*

And one gathers from reading Mr. Robinson's poetry that the bug decidedly has the better of it, because he is not endowed with enough intelligence to realize the fundamental comedy and pointlessness of his existence. Miss Rose Macauley, a British writer whose popular success in this country signifies that she speaks our language, closes one of her scintillating novels in this not unfamiliar key:

> ". . . Pamela said blandly to Grandmama, when the old lady commented one day on her admirable composure, "Life's so short, you see. Can anything which lasts such a little while be worth making such a fuss about?" "Ah," said Grandmama, "that's been my philosophy for ten years . . . only ten years. You've no business with it at your age, child." "Age," returned Pamela, negligent and cool, "has extremely little to do with anything that matters. The difference between one age and another is, as a rule, enormously exaggerated. How many years we've lived on this ridiculous planet—how many more we're going to live on it—what a trifle! Age is a matter of exceedingly little importance."**

And so, we might add, is everything else on a ridiculous planet.

And that is the dominant judgment of our contemporary literature. But not only of contemporary literature. Literature does not exist in a vacuum, is never a thing apart from the age in which it is produced. It is necessarily the expression of the temper, emotions, experiences and point of view of the life and time from which it emerges. Anyone who is at all sensitive to the moods of a civilization is well aware that this feeling is not confined to a small group of articulate intellectuals. It is the intellectuals who state it with explicit eloquence; but the inarticulate masses feel it, too. We are all tainted with it. Those of us who are not overwhelmed by it are at least fighting it, thus recognizing that the thing is at our door.

Why, let us ask, is this the case? Why is this the age of the "Bronx Cheer"? Why does this planet seem ridiculous to so many people today, and the men upon it a multitude of super-insects destined to flounder in futility?

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**From *Dangerous Ages*, Boni & Liveright.

II.

It strikes me that one substantial reason for this spiritual situation is to be found in the chamber of commerce philosophy so triumphant in our republic after the Great War—although it has lost a good deal of its apostolic quality since 1929. The fundamental axiom of this philosophy, privately stated, is that the quality of a man's life is determined by the quantity of things he can buy, and that the possession and enjoyment of these things affords the highest of life's satisfactions. To say it another way: Ten thousand dollars a year makes life just exactly twice as rich and worthwhile as five thousand.

During the rip-roaring 1920's this philosophy was embodied in a sort of nation dream. Commercial statisticians cheerfully told us that within only a few decades we had succeeded in increasing the number of the average man's wants from 72 to nearly 500, and that the number of commodities to meet this augmented appetite had grown from a mere 200 to well over 30,000! This was rather encouraging progress. But when the venerable American Committee on Economic Change made its voluminous report, the prospects of *infinite progress* opened up before us, for it chuckled out the following conclusion:

> The conclusion is that economically we have a boundless field before us, that there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants as fast as they are satisfied.

In other words, a paltry 500 wants and 30,000 commodities are nothing. That's only a suggestion of our New Era. Man is a noble creature whose capacity for wanting new and bigger-and-better thing-a-majigs is without limit! We've made only a little start. Just wait and see what business vision, high finance, supersalesmanship, advertising ballyhoo, keeping up with the Jonses, and a Noah's flood of new models, gadgets, breakfast foods, cosmetics, prophylactics and more novel novelties can accomplish for this country! A New Era of unprecedented well-being was in sight. The abundant life which men had been dreaming about for all these turgid centuries was preparing to sweep down upon us like a great tidal wave. Professor Thomas N. Carver of Harvard had the temerity to say something about the Kingdom of God: "All these things are being added to us precisely because we are seeking the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." And evangelistic advertisers pointed out how the purchase of their products would bring romance, success, security, health, happiness, distinction and spiritual affluence surpassing all previous comprehension. Get the money and you could buy all life's values. . . . It is unnecessary to hammer on this point. The reader is thoroughly familiar with it. And doesn't it answer part of our question? Doesn't this philosophy really make the planet rather ridiculous, and the doings upon it boring and trivial?

III.

The heart of the matter, however, seems to me contained in the fact that we conceive an economic system as existing, and have an economic system which exists, for the purpose of making money for

the fortunate few rather for the purpose of serving the corporate welfare. Working for one's own pocket is really not an ultimately satisfying or very grandiose affair. Especially is this true when one has to do things which are repugnant to one's best principles, when one has to exploit his fellowmen rather than work with and for them. If I regard the planet as my oyster I cannot possibly think very highly of my aims and occupations upon it; for after all, is not even the best oyster a rather contemptible thing when subjected to philosophic reflection?

An essay in the April *Atlantic Monthly* on "Truth in Advertising" eloquently summarizes the tragedy of man when he is caught in the coils of an acquisitive, profit-making economic system. The author happens to be an advertising man, but he could as well be a razor-blade, tooth-paste or something-else manufacturer. Like the vast majority of men, I persist in believing, this fellow would like not only to tell the truth, but also to devote his life to something that is really useful to society, to something that serves a super-individual purpose, to something that he has faith and confidence in and sincerely believes is worthwhile. But no, he cannot do that, much as he would like to. He is working in a system which is not devoted to that, which cannot afford to do such things. He must make money; he must sell goods, whether they are good or not. He must tell Minnie Schultz that by using fifty cents worth of Madame Maloy's quite worthless if not positively harmful flesh reducer she can win romance. He must tell the dejected and insufficient Abner Snodgrass that by taking only $13.79 worth of piano or saxophone lessons by mail he can lay the cruel and tyrannous world at his feet. He must point out to the Witherspoons, whose marriage based on a flicker of adolescent emotionalism has gone stale, that a new linoleum floor in the kitchen will hide so much ugliness and create so much beauty that conjugal affection cannot fail to flourish. In short, this man must devote his precious creative capacities to producing the sheerest sort of ballyhoo. With what result? Well, here is what he says:

> I crave an indulgence for the poor devils who write the stuff believed (by Minnie Schultz, Abner Snodgrass and the Witherspoons). Jason had his golden fleece, Galahad his grail —but these pitiful sloganeers have nothing save a doubtful income, a muddled sense of shame, a heartful of shattered ideals, and a profound faith in the futility of existence. To them mathematics itself is a hoax, logic a racket, faith a side show, and truth the supreme harlequinade. . . . What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

A feeling that this is a ridiculous planet, and life upon it "a tale told by an idiot," full of noise and hurry, leading to nothing.

My friend, I leave to you the stating of the moral.

HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER.

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## Otherworldliness

There was a time when the minister of religion considered it his first duty to warn people against worldliness. It was part of the theology of the age. This world was but a temporary home, to be tolerated for a few years. The real business of living would begin after death in some other sphere. And too much attention to the things of this world was called worldliness.

The point of view was well reflected in the hymns of a past age. People sang lustily of what was going to happen "in the sweet by and by" when they met "on that beautiful shore." They were simply waiting until they could slip away from this "vale of tears" to their true home.

> Jerusalem, my happy home,
> When shall I come to thee?

they asked, or they sang longingly of an eternal life far away from this world.

> "For ever with the Lord!"
> Amen; so let it be;
> Life from the dead is in that word.
> 'Tis immortality.
> Here in the body pent,
> Absent from him I roam,
> Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
> A day's march nearer home.

But today the emphasis is changing. People are discovering that this world is not such a bad place to live in after all. And they can see that with a few little alterations—quite within man's power—it could be made an even better place. So those hymns are being quietly dropped or if they are still sung, it is not with half the gusto that was once put into them. The average man, to put it frankly, is not much interested in "Jerusalem," his "happy home." He wants to go on living here. A water-tight villa, or even a flat or a cottage with a garden is what he really wants!

And he doesn't feel at all "pent" in his body. If there is a chance of getting out of it, he takes precautions at once. It is said that a Bishop recently broke down through overwork. He liked his work and wanted to carry on. But the doctor was emphatic. He advised a change of air and suggested the South of France. He even put it more bluntly. "It is either the South of France or Heaven," he said. And the Bishop took the next boat.

Now this is as it should be. It is a healthy sign that people cannot sing those old hymns with the fervor they once put into them. It means that more attention is being paid to "the Gospel According to this Moment." And there is chance of getting something done when people realize that they are here and that they can "change the form of things and influence a few people." We can see now that the need is that people should be warned not so much against worldliness as against otherworldliness. We need to be reminded again and again of our rendezvous with Life.

You remember Alan Seeger's famous poem, published in 1916 when the young American soldier was fighting in Europe with the French Foreign Legion. It begins:

> I have a rendezvous with Death
> At some disputed barricade,
> When Spring comes back with rustling shade
> And apple-blossoms fill the air—

And it ends—

> And I to my pledged word am true
> I shall not fail that rendezvous.

That poem was answered by another, written by

Countee Cullen, a colored boy, reminding us that we have another appointment, and a more important one, before we keep that rendezvous with Death.

> I have a rendezvous with Life,
> In days I hope will come
> Ere youth has sped and strength of mind,
> Ere voices sweet grow dumb;
> I have a rendezvous with Life
> When Spring's first heralds hum.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Sure some would cry it's better far
> To crown their days with sleep,
> Than face the road, the wind and rain
> To heed the calling deep.
> Though wet nor blow nor space I fear
> Yet fear I deeply too
> Lest death should greet and claim me ere
> I keep Life's rendezvous.

There is a danger that we shall be called upon to keep that other appointment before we have really kept this—to die before we have really lived. And otherworldliness intensifies this danger. Many are missing the real things of this life because of their pre-occupation with another.

Otherworldliness saps the energies of human beings and turns their attention away from duties that would otherwise be obvious. The people who sing loudest of what they will do "in the sweet by and by" are not infrequently amongst those who take away from the sweetness of the present moment by their selfishness and greed. Omar's rebuke of the otherworldy was well-merited. The devout sceptic knew what it was to live intensely in the present. He had drunk deeply of the wine of life and knew how precious was each passing moment. "Since from the beginning of life to its end there is for thee only this earth, live at least as one who is on the earth, and not like one buried beneath it. . . This wheel of the heavens will revolve after thy death and mine, friend. . . Come, sit on the grass, for but little time remains to us before other grass shall spring from thy dust and mine. . . Think not that I fear the world, nor my departure from it. Death being a fact, I have no fear of it. That which I alone fear is not having lived well enough." . . You know how well Fitzgerald renders the next passage in which Omar calls impatiently to those whose minds are fixed on a dead past or an unborn future:

> Ah, fill the Cup—what boots it to repeat
> How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
> Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday,
> Why fret about them if To-day be sweet.

Whether today be sweet or not depends entirely on what we are doing today. Does our cup hold the wine of goodwill and fellowship? Are we doing things here and now which will make the world a better place for the big human family of which we are members? I remember how in the old revival meetings of my boyhood days great play was made with the text, from Corinthians—"*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation." If we cannot today accept Paul's atonement theory, he was at any rate right in emphasizing the importance of the present moment. "Now" *is* the accepted time. "Now" is the only moment we shall ever possess. The past and the future have their interest and relative importance, but the real point of time, the business-end of time is the present moment. That is the time when things really happen. We live in an eternal Now.

In my opening remarks I hinted that otherworldliness was dying out and that man's attention was gradually being transferred to this life. This is true. There has been a great change as Martineau says—consecrating this world and disenchanting the other of a thousand terrors. A new religion is arising—a religion based on trust in man, on belief in man's power to build a heaven here on earth. This is all true, but there is always a danger that otherworldliness may creep back.

The revival of Spiritualism (or, as it would be more accurately termed, Spiritism) in our time has meant a revival of otherworldliness and the consequent neglect of chances for doing constructive work in the building up of a better world. With the truth or error of the claims of Spiritists I am not now concerned. I do know that the practice of Spiritism is unhealthy. Wherever there are germs of insanity in the human make-up, Spiritism provides the best culture possible for their growth. But the thing that will ultimately condemn Spiritism is the fact that it is branded with the curse of otherworldliness.

Of course Spiritism is no new thing. It is as old as influenza and seems to recur in epidemics in much the same way. There was an epidemic in Concord when Thoreau lived there. In 1852, writing to his sister, Thoreau said:

> Concord is just as idiotic as ever in relation to the spirits and their knockings. Most people here believe in a spiritual world which no respectable junk bottle, which had not met with a slip, would condescend to contain even a portion of for a moment—whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would black-ball. Their evil genius is seeing how low it can degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croakings of frogs is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things which they believe, I should make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather. Where *are* the heathen? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet I suppose there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise—the rainbow and the evening—the words of Christ and the aspirations of all the saints! Hear music! see, smell, taste, feel, hear—anything—and then hear these idiots, inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, "Please, Spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table ! ! ! ! !

Thoreau wrote those words in 1852. One wonders what he would have said had he lived today! Much the same no doubt, for revivals of Spiritism, while they may have helped to fill asylums, have added nothing to the world's store of beauty, truth, and goodness. They have simply diverted attention and energy from the things that really matter. Otherworldiness always does. Think of Concord in the middle of last century, and think of these people finding out things about the next world by means of their creaking tables. No doubt they had some remarkable revelations, messages perhaps from Christopher Columbus and George Washington (who could not possibly tell a lie!) and dozens of dead Indian chieftains. But no one knows anything about these messages today. *Then think of what they were missing.* "Consider the dawn and the sunrise—the rainbow and the evening—the words of Christ and the aspirations of all the saints." Walden Pond was only a few miles away. The Maine woods were within reach. Dawn and sunrise, the rainbow and the evening, could be very beautiful along the

upper reaches of the Concord and Merrimack rivers. Then there was literature. The words of Jesus and the prophets were still fresh with meaning. In the pages of books these people might have met Socrates and Plato and Buddha and Zoroaster and the author of the Bhagavad Gita. Through literature they might have communed with the prophets of their own century, but of another hemisphere,—Shelley, Wordsworth and Thomas Carlyle. What is more, prophets and saints were actually living in Concord. Across the way Emerson and Thoreau kept house together. Along the street dwelt Nathaniel Hawthorne and Bronson Alcott and the "Little Women," and Margaret Fuller could be met walking in the village. Concord might have been made into a bit of heaven had the people who lived there listened to their prophets. But they had no time for that. They were listening to the rappings on the table and making remarkable discoveries about what happens after people die.

And today it is just the same. These people who are poking about in what they call the heaven world are missing chances of making this world into a heaven. They are missing the fact that this world is infinitely superior to their fancied place of departed spirits. An article in a certain number of the "Hibbert Journal" touches on the heaven revealed by Spiritists. "In the main the conception offered has proved ordinary and unattractive. . . Its heaven is hardly more religious than a desirable Anglican vicarage on a fine summer Sunday afternoon." That is taking it at its best. Contemplate the "Lowlands" or "Uplands" of heaven as described by the average Spiritist, then think of the Weald of Kent or the hills of Westmorland and you will realize that what Thoreau says about the junk bottle still has some meaning. The Spiritists have not yet brought news of a heaven that could be mentioned in the same breath with Cranbrook Woods or Grasmere.

The permanent things Thoreau mentioned are still with us. Dawn and sunrise, the rainbow and the evening, literature and music, are still ours to enjoy. The words of Jesus and of the saints still throb with meaning, but the spirit-mongers care for none of these things. They can give you the latest news from W. T. Stead or Oscar Wilde or Lord Northcliffe, and they always know just what Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson are doing "on the other side," but if you turn their attention to those things of beauty that are "a joy for ever," they will probably ask you, "What *are* Keats?"

But enough of Spiritism. The epidemic will pass as all others have passed and those who have wasted their time will wish they could have been inoculated against it by some serum of sanity. My purpose is to draw your attention once more to your rendezvous with Life. I am not saying that there is no other life. What I want you to realize is just this. Whilst you are here, the important thing is this life. We shall never build the Kingdom of Love until we make up our minds to do it and bring our whole energies to bear on the task.

Keep your rendezvous with Life. There are two ways in which you can do it—the way of selfishness and the way of service. Many think they can get the best out of life by getting things for themselves, but they miss the satisfaction that comes from true living. Let us remember that men have died penniless and yet have left the impress of a full life upon the world. It was a poor Galilean peasant who told men how they could be "rich toward God." It was a despised Bedford tinker who saw the City Beautiful. It was starving Francis Thompson who had a visition of Jacob's ladder

> Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

Those who try to find fulness of life in mere getting come up against certain hard facts. They find that they cannot live in a vacuum—things react on the soul—there are unescapable relationships between possession and personality. The man who gets and keeps develops into rather a little sort of person—dwarfed and stunted by the very things he thought would give him fulness of life.

The great ones we honor—the Christs and Buddhas of all ages—have reached fulness of life by the pathway of service. This means that their thoughts were centered here. "Man's ignorance as to what will become of him after he dies never disturbed a noble, a truly religious soul. No myth is necessary to arouse ardor for the good and the emotion of universal brotherhood." Some say they will have no incentive to work for humanity, unless they are certain about the future of their own soul—their own reward. Is it not incentive enough that men shall call you brother, sister, friend? Is it not incentive enough that you will win the smile of affection and share the joy of those whose tears you dry? Is it not incentive enough that you will know what it is to love and be loved? Love is the wine which makes life sweet, and once you have tasted that wine, you will talk no more of incentives. No, nor of immortality either. You will be at ease about God and about death.

> For me—to have made one soul
> The better for my birth;
> To have added but one flower
> To the garden of the earth;
>
> To have struck one blow for truth
> In the daily fight with lies;
> To have done one deed of right
> In the face of calumnies;
>
> To have sown in the souls of men
> One thought that will not die—
> To have been a link in the chain of life—
> Shall be immortality.

What I am saying, then, is not, "Eat drink and be merry for to-morrow we die," but "Let us join hands and help, for today we are alive together."

And I do not ask you to believe all this, but rather to try it. Put it to the test of practice. That is the acid test of all theories. To many this is no longer a theory. They *know* that the way of service is the way of fulness of life here and now because they have tried it. I have warned you against otherworldliness, but I have more than a warning for you. I will be daring and like Omar will say: If today you will begin to live the life of love, then I undertake on my own account to promise you paradise.

WILL HAYES.

*Chatham, England.*

# The Study Table

## Lynching!

Synthesizing from Dr. Raper's close study* of nineteen of the twenty-one lynchings of 1930, the typical American community in which a lynching occurs is situated in the south; the town or rural district compares unfavorably with the general average of the state in which it is located as to economic condition, tax returns, bank deposits, educational facilities (especially for Negroes), and social agencies. It has a higher than state average of native born whites of native parentage, and a lower than state average of church membership. The typical lyncher is twenty-five or younger, with a grammar school or even slighter education, of "old" American stock but belonging to the lowest stratum of that stock in his community (what is popularly known as "poor white trash"); he has frequently been in trouble with the law, usually for minor offenses, and is likely to be unemployed, casually or temporarily employed, or at the best an unskilled worker; and he is often not a resident of the community, coming from some near-by district, or has not lived in the community very long. The typical victim is colored, under thirty, illiterate or near-illiterate, and rather under the ordinary grade of intelligence. There are exceptions, of course, to every one of these descriptions; but this is the typical picture and the economic competition and social ignorance implied are a prime factor in continuance of the horrors of lynching.

It might be added that the typical sheriff or peace officer in communities where lynchings occur successfully is (with some noble and heroic exceptions) very much of the same social, economic, educational, and intellectual grade as the typical lyncher; he is covertly or openly in sympathy with the lynching, and expends much more energy in protecting the lynchers from punishment than in protecting the victim. He shares the emotions, resentments, and prejudices of those who elected him, and there is only a thin veneer of concern for his job to prevent his joining them. The section of Dr. Raper's book devoted to "Foiling the Mob" makes this even more clear than does his detailed account of cases in which the mob was not foiled; in almost every instance a strong stand by officials, removal of the prisoner to a place of safety, or prompt calling out of the State Militia or the National Guard would have frustrated the lynchers.

To this picture may be added the indifference or timidity of the community as a whole after the lynching is over, the desire of ministers, educators, and the "better element" generally to have the whole unpleasant business forgotten as soon as possible, to deplore it but to wish for anything rather than further disturbance. It is this combination of conditions that has, for example, as I write this, brought about the second conviction of the first of the Scottsboro boys on what is so obviously a trumped-up charge.

The general reader may be surprised also to learn that more lynchings occur in the portions of the south outside of the so-called black belt; that where the average of Negroes to whites is highest not only are there fewer lynchings in proportion, but those which do occur are of a less atrocious nature, with less likelihood of torture and mutilation or of later reprisals on other Negroes and their property. This is because of the greater number in the black belt of upper-class whites, descendants of slave-owners, who are accustomed to a sympathetic relation to Negroes, and feel a certain responsibility for their safety and welfare; also to a greater number of "white men's niggers," subservient and docile and less likely to offend the dominant race. Another new light on the situation is the increasing ratio of lynchings in the north, with Negroes nearly always as the victims. In other words, the essence of the situation is the economic conflict between whites and blacks, especially during times of depression, on the lowest economic plane.

This analysis by a keen and competent observer, trained in social case work, and research and field secretary of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, is at once encouraging and discouraging. It is a good thing to know just what we face, how, and why; it is the first step toward a solution. On the other hand, the more the situation is analyzed, the more complicated it grows, the harder it seems to find a way out. One angle which must be understood clearly and dealt with firmly is what Dr. Raper calls "legal lynching"—the promise of the officials that if the mob will spare the victim he will be speedily and unfailingly sentenced to death. This is equivalent to execution without any real trial, and again is reflected in the Scottsboro case.

> Lynchings (says Dr. Raper) are not the work of men suddenly possessed of a strange madness; they are the logical issues of prejudice and lack of respect for law and personality, plus a sadistic desire to participate in the excitement of mob trials and the brutalities of mob torture and murder. . . . Back of cultural exploitation is the assumption that the Negro, by divine design, is irredeemably inferior. To the popular mind—steeped in the theology and philosophy which justified slavery, the permanent disfranchisement of Negroes and the present discrimination against them in public expenditures—the Bible provides the explanation of the Negro's economic and cultural predicament no less than his color. . . . Lynching can and will be eliminated in proportion as all elements of the population are provided opportunities for development and are accorded fundamental human rights. Whether in the field of religion, education, economics, jurisprudence, or politics, anything which looks toward this end is a factor in reducing mob violence. For fundamentally lynching is an expression of a basic lack of respect both for human beings and for organized society.

In other words, the problem, like so many others, is one of slow and thorough re-education, which may or may not be possible without a fundamental social and economic change. Meanwhile, Dr. Raper's careful and discriminating study is a valuable means of approach, showing the specific needs of education and training and suggesting at least temporary ways of controlling the still uneducated mob. In appendices he gives tables of lynchings from 1889 to 1932, divided according to race of victim, alleged crime, and geographical location, and there is a good index as well. No one can attempt to deal effectually with the lynching question henceforth who has not familiarized himself with the contents of this important addition to the University of North Carolina's fine series of social studies.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

*"The Tragedy of Lynching," by Arthur Raper. Published by the University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

### Orient and Mexico

A book of exceptional importance, especially for its large amount of new material, is Charles Allen Clark's "Religions of Old Korea."[1] Dr. Clark has been for thirty years a missionary in Korea. He speaks and reads the language well and has a large and friendly acquaintance among Koreans. The book represents years of labor. The material was given as lectures before the theological seminary students in this country and the lecture form of presentation has been retained. The seven lectures deal with Buddhism (two), Confucianism, Miscellaneous Cults, Chuntokyo Cult, Shamanism, and First Contacts with Christianity. The style is attractive, the attitude on the whole broad and sympathetic. Of course, as was to be expected, both from the author's profession and the nature of his audiences, after words of fair praise have been given to the "pagan" "cults" a contrast is always drawn favorable to Christianity. To your reviewer the two most satisfactory discussions are those of Confucianism and Chuntokyo. In Korea Confucianism has been held with extraordinary tenacity and perhaps at present it has a greater influence upon the daily life than even in China itself. For Doctor Clark Confucianism in Korea begins with 1122 B. C., although Confucius himself was not born until five hundred years after that date. This apparent paradox is really quite justified. Chuntokyo is a native religion of recent origin and is interesting for various reasons. The discussion of it is admirable. In the lecture on Miscellaneous Cults is a fuller and better statement regarding Tangoon Kyo than we have found elsewhere. Tangoon is one of the uncertain and hazy ancestral deity-rulers, whose very existence is questionable. Doctor Clark is somewhat loose in his literary references. Thus he makes constant references to Royal Asiatic Society *Records,* a title which I believe does not exist and to Gale's *History of Korea,* which is also an inexact title. His statements, too, are often confused. Thus, he tells us that the Japanese period name in 1910 corresponded to Korean *Taichung.* The Japanese year period TAISHO, which he undoubtedly means, was not that of 1910. One who knows the great "saree" stone protectors of Buddhist monasteries must wonder why Doctor Clark calls them vases or urns. The words would have to be re-defined to meet the case. But these are minor criticisms that do not seriously detract from a book of extraordinary value.

Miss Metzger has already had a book, "Tales Told in Hawaii." She now provides us "Tales Told in Korea,"[2] after spending a year in that interesting land. Her book is dedicated "to Dr. Syngman Rhee from the Garden of whose Memory came many of these stories." One is naturally inclined to assume that Doctor Rhee's contribution was made in Honolulu and that the entire series was submitted to his approval before they were printed. Hence your reviewer hesitates to express any doubt as to the native flavor of the stories, especially as Miss Metzger herself says that she has "yet to find a story told in just the same way by any two Koreans." There is no land richer in folk tales than Korea. There are already several collections of them in print in English and continental European languages. They are not only numerous but extraordinarily diverse. On the whole, they are not notably variant, one inclines to think the contrary. None of them has lost in Miss Metzger's transmission; whimsical as may be the originals, they are even more so in her rendition. Scientific folklore demands the story be passed on as heard, unimproved and unadorned. She has collected forty-one of them; they are representative and varied. They are told in a lively and interesting way, well suited to the juvenile auditors or readers for whom they were prepared. They are illustrated by Mr. Y. Park, "an American artist, who has spent much time in the Orient."

A story, and a love story![3] Ume has already been the heroine of one book—"The Way of Ume." We now read her further adventures. The scene is laid in the old city of Sendai in northern Japan, once the seat of an important daimyal family, the Date. The city is known historically, as the old prince in the early days of European contact sent an embassy to Rome, to see and learn of the western way. The place was the boyhood home of Hiroyuki and to it he brought his young and beautiful bride, after the adventures narrated in "The Way of Ume." The time was the period of unrest just preceding the "Restoration" of the Emperor to actual power. Japan had again come into contact with the West and was rapidly taking on new ways. The setting of the story is the Old Japan. A disturbing element had come, even to Sendai, in the form of an Englishman, typical in attitudes and tendencies. The four chief characters are Hiroyuki, Ume, Sadayuke Ito —Hiroyuki's old uncle, and Eric the Englishman. Ito is a Japanese gentleman of the old school, with no taint of the West. Eric is a son of wealth, head of his proud old family, with an Indian experience behind him, who has come to Japan to prepare for a diplomatic career. A happy chance brought him to Sendai, where he found welcome and shelter with Ito, and here the young couple find him installed when they come to the old home. Miss Sawyer appreciates the fine points of Japanese character and her story is quite true of the old life of a daimyal town. Ume is the center about which the entire action takes place. On the whole she comes through with credit and true to the breed.

Yes, it's a novel and a mission book, but your reviewer read it at a single sitting, which is unusual for him with either a novel or a mission book. It is the story of a Chinese orphan boy. He was in China long enough to have a real Chinese setting, but his life story is chiefly in California. The publishers tell us that "Lim Yik Choy"[4] is a study in child psychology, juvenile delinquency, race prejudice and Christian Americanization." It is all of that and more. It is a good story of school life, with a keen interest in athletics. Choy becomes both Americanized and Christianized, but has a good Chinese foundation, which comes out true and sharp in every test. The least satisfactory part of the story is the love making, which is rather mushy, but apparently had to be brought in. Despite the mechanical amorous chapters, we leave our hero with best wishes for success in his chosen field.

Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton of the University of California and director of its famous Bancroft Library, has made many and important contributions to the history of the Spanish Southwest. Among his works "Kino's Memoirs" is notable. Father Kino, a man remarkable in many ways, lived, died, and was

1. "Religions of Old Korea." Charles Allen Clark. New York: 1932. Fleming H. Revell Co. 16 mo. pp. 295. Price $2.50.
2. "Tales Told in Korea." Berta Metzger. New York: 1932. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 16 mo. pp. xvi. 247. Price $1.25.
3. "The Abiding of Ume." Edith A. Sawyer. New York: 1932. John Lowell Pratt. Large 12 mo. pp. xiii. 174. Price $2.00.
4. "Lim Yik Choy." Charles R. Shepherd. New York: 1932. Fleming H. Revell Co. 16 mo. pp. 252. Price $1.50.

practically forgotten in the area where his life work was done. His manuscript autobiography was in the Mexican archives, dusty and neglected. Bolton brought it to light and today Kino's name is known and his fame is sung in America and Europe. A movement is on foot to erect a monument to the intrepid missionary-explorer in Arizona, a part of which state falls within the Pineria Alta, the scene of his labors. Eusebio Francisco Kino was born in 1645 at Chino, a small Italian village. As a student he gave great promise, being especilly able in mathematics. At eighteen years of age he decided to become a missionary. He added Francisco to his name because of his admiration of San Francisco Xavier of whom he says:

> I owe him, first, my life, of which I was caused to despair by the physicians—in the year 1663; second, my entry into the Company of Jesus; and, third, my coming to these missions.

Kino's original intention was to go to the Orient, but circumstances led him to Mexico. He found his chief field of activity among the Pimas and from 1687 to 1711, twenty-four years, he was located in the Pimeria Alta, an area including parts of the Sonora and Arizona of today. The Mission of Dolores was established in 1687 and from it as a center he established a chain of missions. By 1702 three missions had been established within the present area of Arizona. Kino was not only a devoted missionary, he was a bold and enterprising man of affairs. His missions were places of production, shelter, and defense against hostile tribes. He encouraged not only agriculture but the raising of cattle and horses. He was an indefatigable explorer and during his ministry made more than fifty journeys, varying from one hundred to almost one thousand miles—all on horseback. It was in unexplored, desert, dangerous country, travel through which involved extraordinary hardship. At least fourteen of these expeditions took him into Arizona territory. "Southwestern cowboys stand aghast and almost skeptical at his well authenticated feats in the saddle." Such was "The Padre on Horseback."[5] The little book, which bears that name is the reworking of an informal address given by Professor Bolton at the Kino celebration held at Tucson in March, 1932.

There are twenty thousand Mexicans in Chicago. They are newcomers, strangers in blood, in language, in culture. They live in a few congested areas in the city and find employment in two or three great industrial enterprises. They come poor, hoping to improve their material condition. The pamphlet before us[6] is a "survey" by experienced social workers, made for the Comity Commission of the Chicago Church Federation. Surely if there is one group in the city that needs understanding, sympathy and a friendly hand, it is these Mexicans. They are a gentle, simple-minded, responsive lot—suspicious and clannish, but appreciative of any kindly approach. Practically all of them are Catholics and left to themselves they would go to Catholic churches or drift without connection. Is there a legitimate work for Protestant denominations to do among such a people? Though they represent the poorest and lowest of their nation, they are not at all lacking in intelligence and have a keen sense of propriety and exceptional art taste. There are Catholic churches especially for Mexicans within easy reach of their settlement areas. Protestant churches do not propose to conduct an aggressive propaganda to seduce them from their natural connections, but it is believed that there are many who have already drifted from Catholic influences, who can be helped by other connections—and there are many ways in which help and opportunity and useful contact with American conditions, can be supplied by non-denominational Protestant activities. The pamphlet is intended for study classes and groups, to show the situation and to indicate what can wisely and advantageously be undertaken.

FREDERICK STARR.

5. "The Padre on Horseback." Herbert Eugene Bolton. San Francisco: 1932. The Sonora Press. 16 mo. pp. 90. Price. $2.00.
6. "The Mexican in Chicago." Robert C. Jones and Louis R. Wilson. Chicago: 1931. Chicago Church Federation. 8 vo. pp. 31. Price $0.10.

# Correspondence

### Bad Profits in Hard Times

Editor of UNITY:

In these days of war, rumors of wars and economic disaster, the subject of embargoes and disarmament become burning questions. An astounding piece of information which so far as I have seen the press ignored is the statement in Maclean's Magazine of January 1 regarding the incredible amount of war-equipment shipped to Japan by American Armament markets at the very time when Secretary Stimson was urging in the strongest terms the Japanese observance of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Nine-Power treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations. The significance of this ill-omened act is strikingly emphasized by the author, Lieut.-Col. George A. Drew, educated at the University of Toronto, who was in the World War for four years, was wounded and later practiced law. In 1932 he was President of the Canadian Artillery Association. He is an impressive speaker as I can testify. He has a little pamphlet, "Salesmen of Death, The Truth About War-Makers" (to be obtained from the Women's International League, 6 Byron St., Boston, Mass.)

Col. Drew maintains that the World War was very largely the result of the tension which developed from the nervous strain of ever increasing military competition and that the murder at Sarajevo was not the cause but only the excuse to start a conflagration which had been mounting for years." On this, historians now generally agree. It is important to note that the nations which signed the Paris Pact are spending 70 percent more on military appropriations than they were in 1913.

Few seem to remember the Shearer episodes of 1917 and 1929 which Lieut.-Col. Drew describes. Wm. B. Shearer had been an ardent advocate of a great navy, had hypnotized with proclamations of our danger from attack some of our "patriotic" societies and others and when he went to Geneva in 1927 to the Naval Disarmament Conference he made himself host and helper to the hundred newspaper men from all parts of the world. By his shrewd planning he largely made the Conference a failure. He had already been paid $51,230 by American promoters of large armaments, and in 1929 he sued the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, The Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co., and the American Brown Boveri Corporation for $325,655, as the balance due him for his services. The investigation of this by President Hoover showed that Shearer had been paid $25,000 to go as "an observer" but his hopes for the larger sums were frustrated. It was disclosed that "officials of three companies were employed and money spent to promote international ill-will for the purpose of maintaining sales." The Bethlehem Corporation is the leading armament firm in America, its property increased from $31,000,000 in 1905 to $502,000,000 in 1930.

The English **Union for Democratic Control** (34 Victoria St., London) some months ago published an invaluable pamphlet on "The Secret International; Armament Firms at Work." This is carefully annotated and supplied with

footnotes and discloses more than the facts which Col. Drew in his smaller pamphlet gives about Shearer and Sir Basil Zaharoff, the famous Greek "Man of Mystery," who, 83 years old, is now living in Paris and is one of the richest men in the world. He has been one of the shrewdest investors in armaments who ever lived. A volume has been published about this silent man who avoided talk, worked in the dark, largely through intermediaries and indiscriminately helped both sides of conflicts to attain arms. He was knighted by King George and allied himself with the American Maxim the Swedish Nordenfeldt interests, and, through various agents was a shareholder in Krupp's. During the World War he was the confidant of Lloyd George and his power continually increased. In 1917 when there were indications that it was possible to end the war by negotiation, Zaharoff was consulted by the small group of men which decided the issue. The British ambassador in Paris in June, 1917, recorded in his diary that "Zaharoff is all for continuing the *sar jusqu'au bout;* a lame peace would cause squabbles between the Entente Allies."

Since the war, armament firms have been making great profits. At a time when other business is prostrate, the British Vickers, now the richest and most far-reaching corporation, has its ramifications in nearly every country. In Italy, there is the Societa-Vickers-Ferni; in Canada, the Vickers Two Combustion Engine Corporation; in Japan, Vickers Armstrong had a subsidiary company—Japan Steel Works, part of the Mitsui concern, the dominating armament industry of that company. In the preparation of the "war" in China, Japanese firms have been working under contract with Vickers and the Japanese army has fought with the most modern "armaments on land or sea." Vickers have factories in Rumania and their chairman, Sir Herbert Lawrence is a director of the bank of Roumania, Vickers has factories in Ireland and New Zealand. It has connection with the armament firms in Holland, Spain and Poland and is closely linked up with the French firm of Schneider. Its officers are men of rank; it spreads out like an octopus over the world.

During the past few years the Schneider firm has delivered armaments to Mexico, Jugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Roumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, Russia, Argentina, Spain and Italy. Yet all these countries have solemnly pledged themselves to seek only peaceful means of settlement of international disputes. There seems to be money enough for bombs, while millions of men are hungry for bread.

*Boston, Massachusetts.* LUCIA AMES MEAD.

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## The Field

(*Continued from page* 230)

Flag were roughly handled in an attempt to snatch the flag from them. All honor to these delegates who conducted themselves as worthy soldiers of the peaceful army of the Congress and stood a most severe test of their creed of non-violence. I have referred to the manner in which they were beaten and assaulted not in order to complain of the violence and provocation of the police, but to give an idea to the public of the ordeal through which the Congress session had to pass.

But there is one episode which happened in Calcutta before the session of the Congress to which I wish to draw pointed attention. It relates to the behavior of the police on the evening of the 30th March. Eighty-nine delegates from the U. P., after having been taken into custody in the course of a police raid, were assaulted by European or Anglo Indian police sergeants in the Lal Bazar Thana. The assault was wanton, brutal and evidently premeditated. Many of the delegates suffered severe contusions on their faces and heads for which some are still under medical treatment. Some of these delegates occupy high positions in society and are well known in their districts. The facts of the shameful incident as represented by Mr. Jiwaram Paliwal of Farrukhabad, the leader of the group, and several other victims, are briefly as follows:

At 5 p. m. on the 30th March the police raided a building in Nawab Badruddin street and arrested 89 delegates, all of whom were from the U. P., including 3 from Meerut. The prisoners were taken to the Kolutala Thana and kept there for about half an hour. The behavior of these delegates, as of all other delegates arrested at different times and in different places, was entirely peaceful. No resistance was offered by anybody either at the time of arrest or while they were being hustled into the prison vans. From Kolutala Thana they were removed to the Lal Bazar Thana at about 7:30 p. m. When the prisoners arrived sergeants came rushing from different directions and lined themselves up in two rows facing each other between the exit of the vans and the gate of the lock-up in which the prisoners were to be kept. They were about thirty in all. Some of them were seen wrapping their hands with cloth as though preparing for a boxing contest. Shouts of "ready, ready" were raised among the sergeants which the prisoners clearly heard. The prisoners were thereupon ordered to alight one by one. Each one of them on alighting was set upon by the sergeants who had sticks, the main body of them using their fists. Blows were freely directed at the stomach, chest, face, eyes and head. Delegates who tottered under a blow which fell on the right side received another immediately on their left. When a prisoner who had been cuffed on the stomach placed his hands there a shower of fists fell on his unprotected head and face. Any one who lowered his head got a violent punch on his chin. Those who fell down under the assault were kicked with heavy boots. One delegate from Etawah who tried to protect his head with his hands was seized by several sergeants who dashed his head against a wall and kept him pressed to it by the throat. His head was badly injured and bled profusely. Several delegates were unconscious or semi-conscious for a long time after the assault was over. Over a dozen delegates bled either from a torn lip and injured eye, broken teeth or a broken head. The sergeants kept punctuating their brute-like beating with foul abuse. Every one of the delegates had perforce to pass through the double row of sergeants and none of them escaped the assault. Some who happened to come out of their vans in groups got off lightly as compared to those who came out in singles. At length when the sergeant's appetite was appeased the medical attendant of the Thana administered first aid, while sergeants kept jeering and joking at the plight of their victims. Tincture iodine was applied to the wounds. Some who were senseless or suffered from severe pain particularly from blows received on the stomach and ribs were attended to by their fellow delegates who fanned them with handkerchiefs and gave them water to drink. Moulvi Abdul Latif of Lucknow, who had fainted from his injuries in the ribs and was in a serious condition, had to be treated with fomentation and was eventually sent to the police hospital at night. Pandit Shiva Datta Pande of Lucknow, whose condition causes grave anxiety, was also sent to the police hospital for the treatment of injuries in the stomach. Others with similar injuries spent the night in the Thana in agony. Next day, i. e., on the 31st March, they were all removed to the Presidency Jail, where the injured had to be specially attended to. Some had to be immediately admitted to the jail hospital. The blood on the face of several of them was washed and their blood stained clothes changed in jail. Pandit Kapil Dev Pande of Gorakhpur, Pandit Shiva Prasad Shukla of Bahraich still carry prominent marks of injuries to their eyes and nose. Pandit Om Prakash Tiwari of Agra and Pandit Satya Narayan Datt of Etawah display torn lower lips. Thakur Kamal Singh of Agra and Sj. Devi Das of Jhansi bear marks of severe injuries on the nose whilst a number of delegates still continue to suffer acute pain in the stomach and ricks. Three delegates—Maulvi Abdul Latif and Pandit Shiva Datt of Lucknow and Pandit Shiva Prasad Shukla of Bahraich—were kept in the jail hospital throughout their detention and the former two were unable to sit up or move by themselves even when they were released on the 6th April. Sjt. Virendra Kumar Sadh of Farrukhabab, who has been badly injured in the ribs, has had to be detained in Calcutta for treatment.

Since writing the above other incidents of a similar nature that took place at Kalighat and in the Bhowanipore Thana have come to my notice. The prisoners who were assaulted in this thana and on their way to it were released only on the 7th, i. e., the day I left Calcutta. Some of them have since seen me in Benares and related details of assaults on delegates who had been arrested at Kalighat on

the 30th March and 1st April. The facts are briefly as follows:

On the 30th March about 180 delegates were arrested at Kalikhat. They were marched to the Bhawanipore police station on foot under police escort. A sergeant, whose name was known to the delegates, distinguished himself by wantonly assaulting several delegates while putting them under arrest, as also after arrest. He set upon Mr. Fakir Chand of Cawnpore for shouting slogans and beat him with a stick in several parts of the body. Mr. Fakir Chand bears marks of violent blows on the head, left arm and other parts of the body. His condition having become grave, he was sent at midnight in a riksha to the police hospital. Similarly Sjt. Ram Saroop and Maujilal of Unao were beaten by the same man for raising slogans. Both these delegates had to be sent to the police hospital at night. Sjt. Naorang Singh of Gonda was given a blow with the stick on his face so that two of his teeth were broken and the upper lip badly injured. Sjt. Sukhdea Prasad of Gorakhpur was struck several blows causing profuse bleeding. He too was treated later on in the police hospital. Sjt. Rampalak Singh and Sjt. Sampuran Tiwari of Basti got violent blows on their heads, leaving wounds. Nearly 40 persons in the batch of about 180 received injuries caused mainly by one sergeant.

The other incident relates to the arrest of 21 delegates of U. P. who occupy leading positions in the Congress. This batch was arrested on the 1st of April at Kalighat at about 11 a. m. They were taken to the Bhawanipore Thana in a bus. At the Thana they were given chairs and benches to sit on. While the names and other particulars were being taken down the same stout sergeant mentioned above appearing on the scene suddenly pulled Thakur Munshi Singh of Hardoi by the ear and shouting, "You cried 'Down with the British Government,' eh," punched him several times heavily on the temples. The sergeant was interrupted in his brutal attack on Thakur Munshi Singh by a telephone call. But he returned from the telephone and began to belabor his victim again. When Mr. Rustom Satin, a delegate from Jhansi, tried to remonstrate on behalf of his companion the sergeant struck a heavy blow with his satick on his head, causing a big swelling. The sergeant then kept growling and brandishing his encased revolver at the delegates. He retired eventually only on the arrival of a magistrate who had been summoned in view of the important arrests of these men. Later, Mr. A. G. Kher, a leading Congress man and Vakil of Jhansi, who was one of the 21 delegates refused to supply any more particulars as regards the names and addresses of his group unless the incident of the wanton attack on Thakur Munshi Singh and Mr. Rustom was duly noted by the police. Eventually their demand was complied with and the fact of the assault recorded in the police diary.

The beating during the actual Congress session might have been expected. But one could hardly believe that prisoners in custody would be treated in this atrocious manner described above. I make a present of these facts to those who are in power. To those who suffered I offer my respectful sympathy and my congratulations on the cool courage with which they bore the cowardly assaults. Their silent suffering will soon kill the system which permits human beings to be so brutally treated and humiliated for no other crime than that they desire the same freedom for their country that their oppressors enjoy in their own.

MADAN MOHAN MALAVIYA.

*Benares, India.*

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